THE BYSTANDER
VOL. XLIV.—No. 570

NOVEMBER 4, 1914

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THE BYSTANDER

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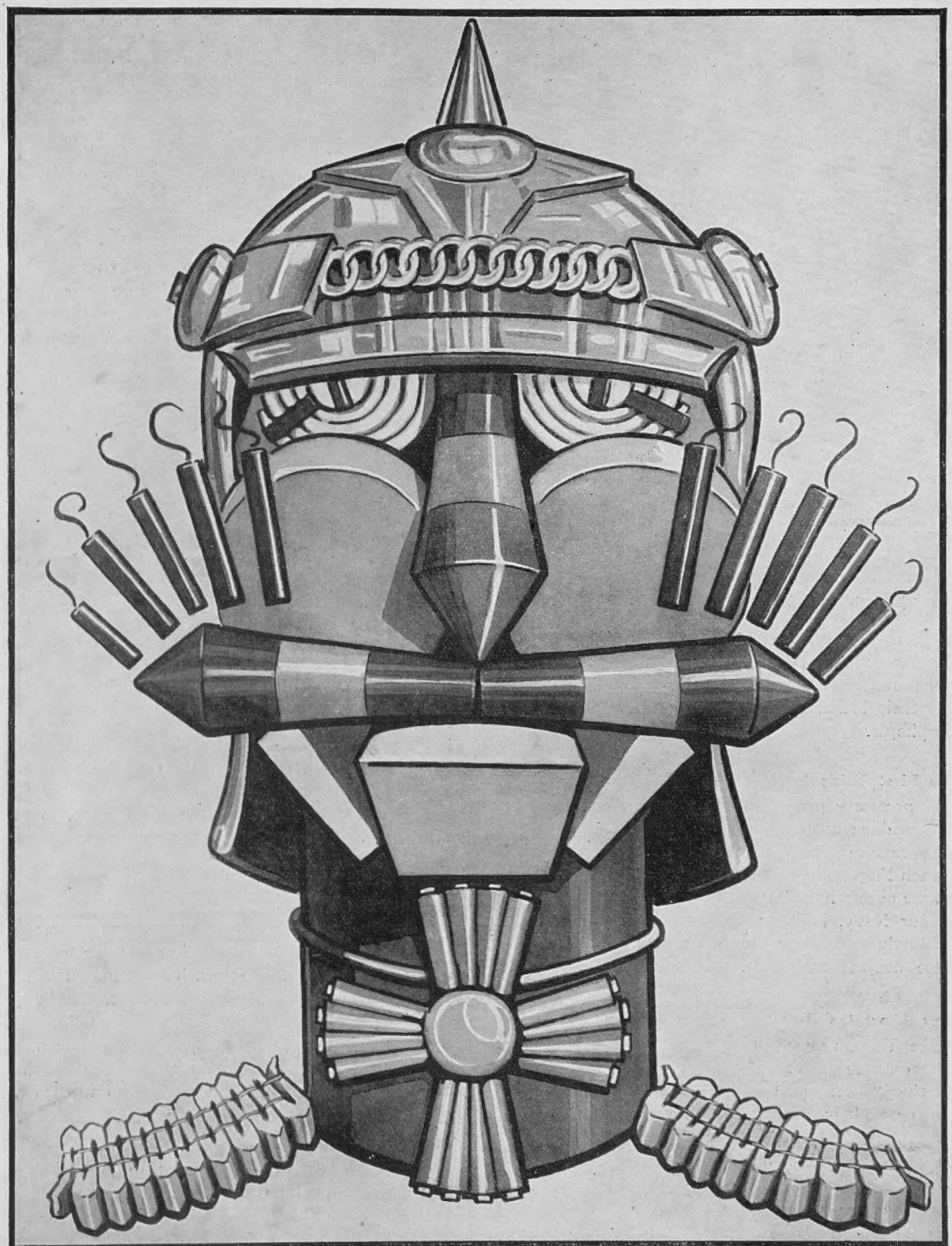
The Bystander, November 4, 1914.—No. 570. Vol. XLIV.

The BYSTANDER



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War Comments

BY THE BYSTANDER

A Gilbertian Situation

IT is good, in these days, to be able to say that some things are as they were. This week opens to show us that there is still humour in Turkey. The news that, after the attack by the "Turkish" Fleet on the Russian Fleet, the Grand Vizier sent to inquire of the Russian Government whether it was true, should cause the late Sir W. S. Gilbert to stir in his grave. I leave it to the experts to disentangle the situation, contenting myself with saying that THE BYSTANDER is quite unperturbed by the Ottoman "peril." That there is German influence in Turkey is true enough. But its sole mainstay is the Young Turk Committee, under Enver Pasha, a body which holds its power only as the result of a *coup d'état*. Before the war with the Triple Entente has lasted long there will probably be a revolution, and the Young Turks and their Prussian overlords will be swept into the Bosphorus.

***

The First Thing to Be Done

A necessary preliminary to this is, of course, the sinking or capture of the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, the escape of which early in August from the Anglo-French Fleet will go down as one of the most "unfortunate occurrences" in the history of war. It is due to our Navy, however, to say that Britain has to thank them for preventing the escape of any more of these floating firebrands.

***

How About the Red Sea?—

The Turkish invasion of Egypt will involve the crossing of the Red Sea. It is not known whether "that good old God" of the Kaiser's has entered into any undertaking to repeat the "splendid assistance" given to similar operations on a previous occasion.

***

—And That Little Matter of a Dream?

The Emperor William—we are a little tired of the word Kaiser—had, it seems, a dream, specially drawn up for use in the campaign against Poland:

"The Virgin appeared to me and commanded me to save her holy convent. . . . With me are God and the Holy Virgin."

It will be interesting to learn whether the same Figures appeared in the dream which led him to destroy the Catholic cathedrals in Belgium and France.

***

A Good Christmas Number Story

With the Christmas Number season in sight, it is a relief to us to find a Christmas Legend ready to hand without the need of the writing. It is called the Invasion of England. At first, the tale of how the Germans are going to do it (big guns at Calais, submarines, and transports across the Straits between walls of mines) read quite plausibly, and it received the benediction of the usual melancholy "military experts." But directly one sat down to analyse it, one recognised the unmistakable touch of the Christmas story-teller. Germany is the land of legend-lore and cheap toys, and in the legend of her Invasion of England she surpasses herself, though I fear the toys by which she expects to accomplish it will prove, for once, to be unworkable.

***

Slightly Different

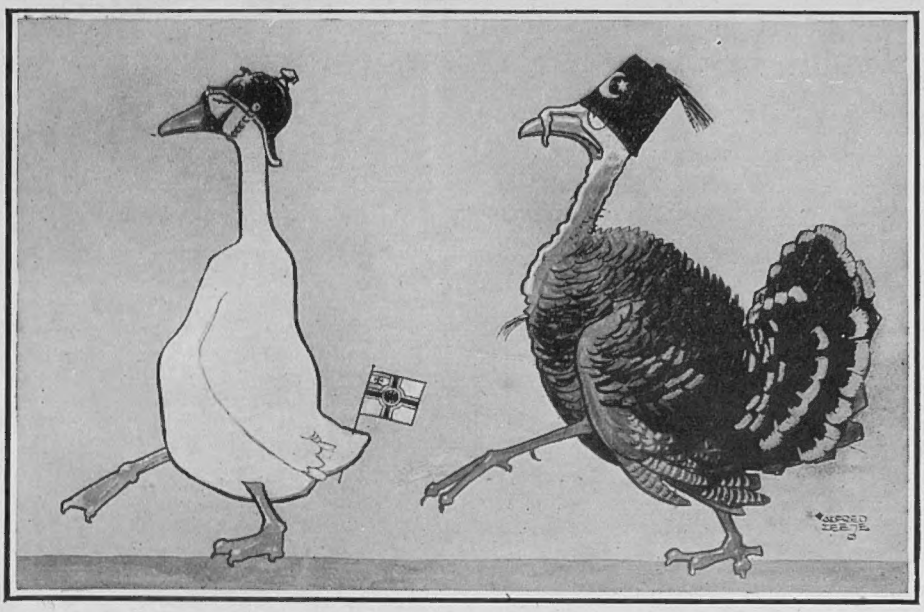
To invade England, Germany needs a clear passage for about one hundred large transports, command of the sea while they are upon it, a safe harbour in which to land their men, guns, horses, and supplies, and no opposition. She wants, in fact, the same conditions to land her army in England as England had to land hers in France—with the vital difference that whereas we landed in an allied country, the Germans would attempt to land in that of an enemy.

***

A Big "If"—

If Germany has that hundred transports—which we doubt—and can spare the men, guns, and horses—which we also doubt—she has not, and never will get, at any point on the coast, that clear sea passage or that safe harbour, and her landing *would* be opposed.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)



THE TURKEY TROT GIVES PLACE TO THE GOOSE STEP

—And a Bigger Certainty

The whole of our East Coast defences have been in order since the second week in August, and every dodge of the enemy, thinkable and unthinkable, has been put to the test during the three months we have been waiting for him to "try it on."

***

Not this Time

All German invasion schemes of the past have been based on the idea of taking us by surprise, unprepared, at a time when our fleet was distributed. Germany's "Invasion of England" depended, in fact, on her time-honoured weapon of treachery. If she tries it on, it will be in the next war, not this; and it is, of course, in anticipation of that next war that Kitchener's Army is now being raised, with National Service in the near future to bring up its numbers to such strength that Britain will be able to deal with any invasion *on land*, leaving her fleet its own mistress.

***

Arms and the Woman

Talking of the "new army," its uniforms are now nearly all ready, though rifles are still in very great demand. At one centre, the lack of these necessary implements is causing much dissatisfaction. At a neighbouring golf links, "mistresses are invited to allow their housemaids to practice rifle-shooting at the range." This excites great disgust among the recruits. One of them told me of an awful vision he had in consequence. He saw the Germans arriving in the town, and, meeting them in deadly combat, the local corps of housemaids, while the members of the "new army" had to busy themselves getting the meals and making the beds!

GENERAL SIR FRANCIS WINGATE

Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor of the Sudan, whose task it will be to deal with the Turkish invaders—if any

SOME OF THE MEN WHOM THE TURKS WILL BE UP AGAINST IN EGYPT

A group of friendly natives who will be fighting on the side of the British and Egyptian soldiers in the invasion of Egypt by Turkey

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

A Real Charity

Congratulations to the *Daily Telegraph*, which has raised nearly a million shillings for "our debt of honour to brave Belgium." Of all the many current appeals for money, none are more readily responded to than those which seek to lessen the miseries of the people who bore the full brunt of the Prussian's first treacherous blow. One begins to suspect that the decent men of Germany—among whom we include the Imperial Chancellor, who certainly "didn't want to do it"—are already setting about to find means to undo some of the "frightfulnesses" of their vile soldiery.

***

Impossible!

From the *Morning Post*: "Astounding letter by the Kaiser!" Astounding? The Kaiser? The two don't seem to connect, somehow.

***

They Would Be

Congratulations to an illustrated contemporary which has, as its frontispiece, Dom Manoel and his consort. "The Royal sympathies," it remarks, "are strongly anti-German." The lady is the daughter of Prince William of Hohenzollern!

***

The Hour and the Man

The King has accepted the resignation of Prince Louis, and I rejoice to see "Jacky"—I mean Lord Fisher—again at the helm. As the utterer to King Edward of the famous phrase, "Let me get at 'em, Sir," on the occasion of a former German menace, he should be just the man we want. For the public is anxious to see some kind of a smash somewhere, however correct the lying-in-wait tactics may have been heretofore. It was the old principle of British Admirals to strike first and argue afterwards, and in these days of doubtful neutrals, there may have to be some Nelsonic blind-eyes turned.

***

The Strict Letter of the Law—

That scraps of paper have been torn up by Germany is no reason why they should be torn up by Britain. War, however, has its own laws, and we may trust Lord Fisher to interpret them in his own way. The Declaration of London—thank goodness—has gone already, and the absurdity of allowing reservists to cross the seas and to swell the ranks of the enemy is at an end. It will now behove the Admiralty to ask itself how much longer we are to be bound by the strict letter of laws which the enemy breaks with impunity.

***

—No Longer Binds Us

Germany has already abused the neutrality of Turkey by using her waters to refit and equip the *Goeben* and *Breslau*. I doubt if Fisher would ever have allowed that to happen. Germany is now, undoubtedly, using the Dutch waters of the Scheldt for similar purposes. We look to the new Sea Lord without delay, to poke the British finger into that pie. His thoughts will, also, stray in the direction of the Sound, whose waters prevent the combination between the British and Russian Fleets. It was Copenhagen way that Nelson—disobediently—delivered a previous deathblow. A repetition of the *coup* would be merely a technical infringement of the rights of our good friends the Danes, who have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the smashing of the forces of the Power that robbed her of her southern provinces.

***

Leave Well Alone

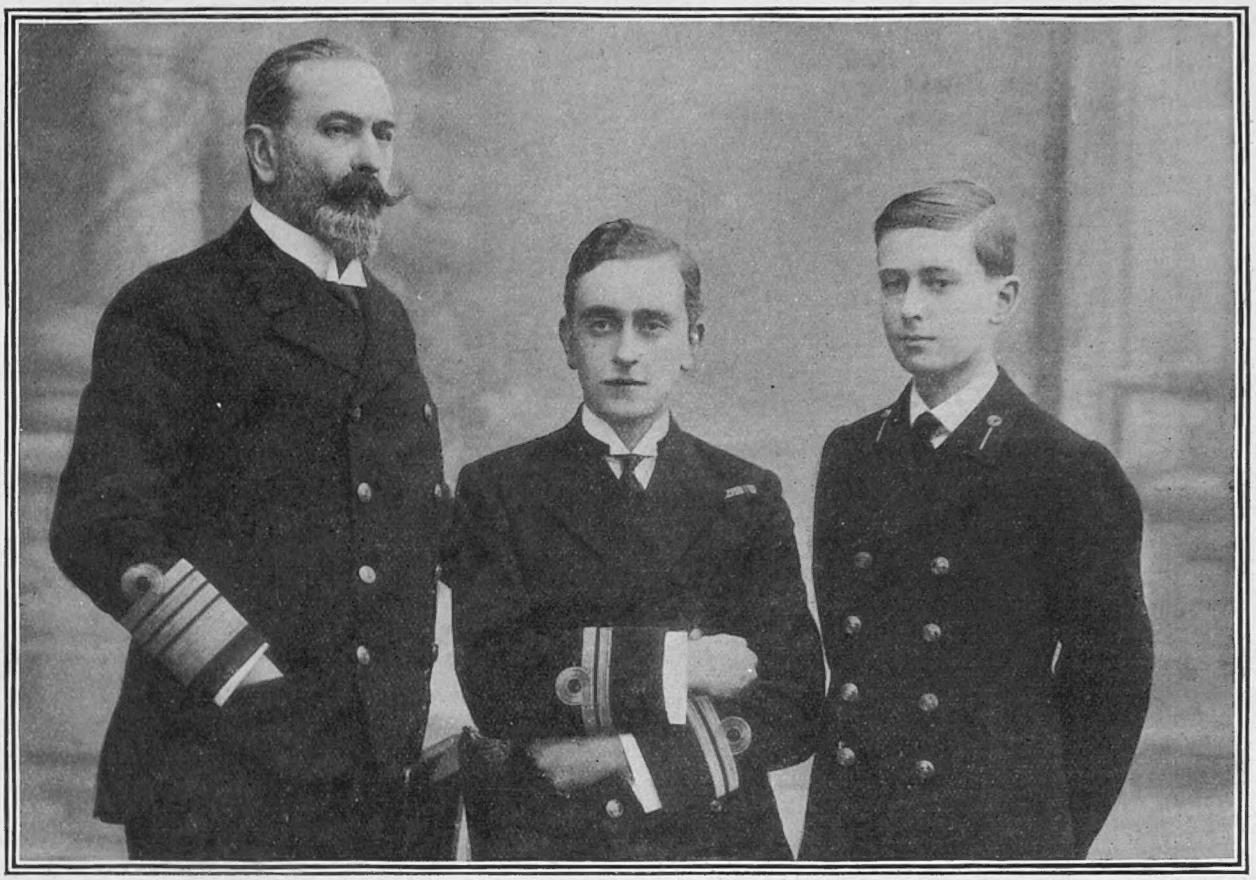
It is to be hoped that, having drawn the official blood of Prince Louis, our papers will now leave the men at the helm alone. Right as it is that his Highness should have bowed before national sentiment, it is

WHY THEY LOOK SO HAPPY

German prisoners interned at Bergen, on the north coast of Holland, enjoying their morning stroll. Their "cannon-fodder" days, for the time being, at any rate, are over, and prison life is much more to their taste than fighting

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Sea Lords, Past and Present



The resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is seen above with his two sons, Prince George and Prince Louis Francis, was accepted by the King last Thursday, and is commented upon on this page

a great pity we did not discover Prince Louis's Austrian birth before. It is by their action, not by their antecedents, that we should judge our men in war-time. All wars have buried reputations. Already the Kaiser has sacked Generals by the score, and General Joffre is known in the earlier stages to have made drastic changes in his own staff. Our own men seem to have made no mistakes so far as the main principles of strategy are concerned. Let us, therefore, cease to throw any stones at all at them if they mistake in minor matters.

* * *

Prince Louis's Family Ties

As to Prince Louis's ancestry. If he is of Germanic descent, so, Englishmen should be reminded, is the British Royal family itself. The grandfather of His Majesty the King was a German: Her Majesty the Queen is Austrian by paternal descent. To be German or Austrian does not at all imply that one is desirous to help in any way whatever the machinations of the King of Prussia. On the contrary, it often—in royal circles—implies a strong desire to defeat those machinations. The family from which our Kings are descended—the Guelphs—have a blood-feud with the Hohenzollerns of which more is likely to be heard in the near future. The Battenbergs and Tecks were minor Austrian "serene highnesses" who have no part nor lot in Prussian dynastic interests. On the contrary, their interests are bound up exclusively with those of the nation into whose Royal family they have married.

ADMIRAL LORD FISHER

Successor to Prince Louis of Battenberg in the post of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, which he held under a previous administration. As the introducer of the Dreadnought he is above all the man who should have the task of handling Dreadnoughts

* * *

The Real "Traitors"

I would trust a Guelph, a Battenberg, or a Teck to hold his own against a Hohenzollern a great deal longer than I would trust certain so-called English gentlemen, who, but a little while ago, were noisily agitating to reduce even such forces as we are able to put into the field against the enemy. If "traitors" are sought, their antecedents should be looked for not in the *Almanac de Gotha*, but in the division lists of the House of Commons; not among the men who are handling our ships, but among those who, had they their way, would have left us no ships to handle.

* * *

Not Just Now, Thank You

A Mr. Hermann Langner writes to us from Cricklewood to complain of one of our recent cartoons. We shall be pleased to hear anything Mr. Hermann Langner may care to say to us at some future time when the country of his origin is no longer at war with Great Britain.

(Continued on page 152)

Will You Help to While Away the Time of the Little Refugees?

500 TOYS NOW BEING DISTRIBUTED AMONG BELGIAN CHILDREN IN ENGLAND

Will You Help us to Send More?

WE announced last week that we were presenting to the little Belgian refugees one hundred toys to help them while away the dreary hours of their exile. We are pleased to be able to say that, thanks to the spontaneous generosity of several of our readers, the number has now been increased five-fold, and that five hundred toys are now on their way to hostels where Belgian children are being accommodated. We have to acknowledge subscriptions from the following:—Marjorie E. Wood, 4s. 6d.; A. R., £1; R. G., £1; D. and V. C., £1; Mrs. Hughes D'Aeth, £2; Mrs. Carmichael Thomas, £1; Shiela and Prudence Wenham, 10s.; Mrs. Malcolm Lyons, £5; Wilfred Kempthorne, 5s.; Mrs. W. Will, £1.

Will you help us to add to this number this week? The need for toys is one of the greatest of all.

The Belgian children have been taken away from their homes. But what can they understand of the thoughts that so harrow their parents? They have crossed the sea in a ship, they have landed in a strange new land of people speaking a strange language, and been put to sleep in strange beds. For a while, it has been—exciting. Now the reaction comes. They settle down in the new land; what is their first thought—every one of them?

"OH THAT WE HAD SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH."

While their sorrowing parents think of their lost country, home, and livelihood, the little ones' tears are shed for the lost playthings. Their parents are, perhaps, destitute—the recipients of charity.

Every halfpenny that can be spared has to go in the necessaries of life. They have none to give for such things as toys. So for the present the little Belgian refugees have to sit the day long doing nothing, and the sight of them thus is an additional torture to the minds of their relatives.

"IF ONLY THEY HAD SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH."

Now to provide toys to while away the dreary winter days of all the thousands of little Belgians in England is a big task.

Readers of "THE BYSTANDER" who are willing to show their sympathy in a practical fashion, should send cheques, postal orders, or banknotes, to

THE SECRETARY,
BELGIAN REFUGEES TOY FUND,
"THE BYSTANDER," Tallis House, London, E.C.

William the Conqueror and William the Other Thing

(*Scene: French coast, English cliffs in the distance*)

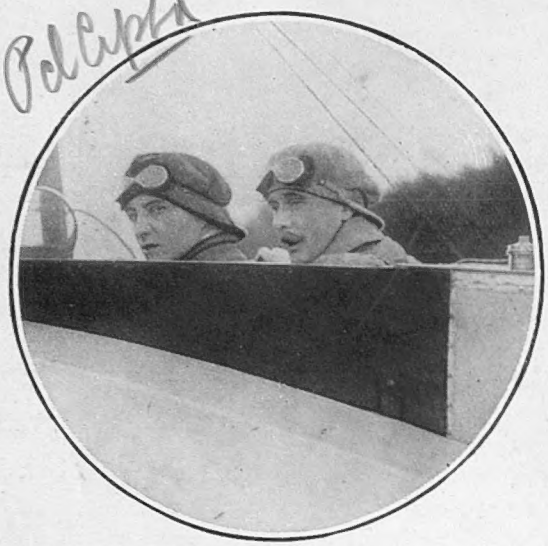
WILHELM (of Prussia): "Some people have all the luck!! How I wish I could say I'd got there!!"

WILLIAM (of Normandy)—unconsciously plagiarising from Whistler and knowing his man: "But, my boy, YOU WILL!!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (Concluded from page 149)

The Nationality of Beethoven—

I am glad that somebody has at last rescued the memory of the greatest of musical composers—Ludwig van Beethoven—from the association claimed for him with German "kultur." Beethoven, as his name and the "van" denote, was of Flemish origin, and to our brave Belgian ally belongs the honour of his genius. One of his greatest works—the Eroica Symphony—was dedicated to Napoleon Buonaparte, but when that leader of Republicanism proclaimed himself Emperor, and sought to place the world under a military dictatorship, Beethoven scornfully struck out the dedication. That is all that need be said as to the extent of *his* probable sympathy with the ideals of modern Germany.



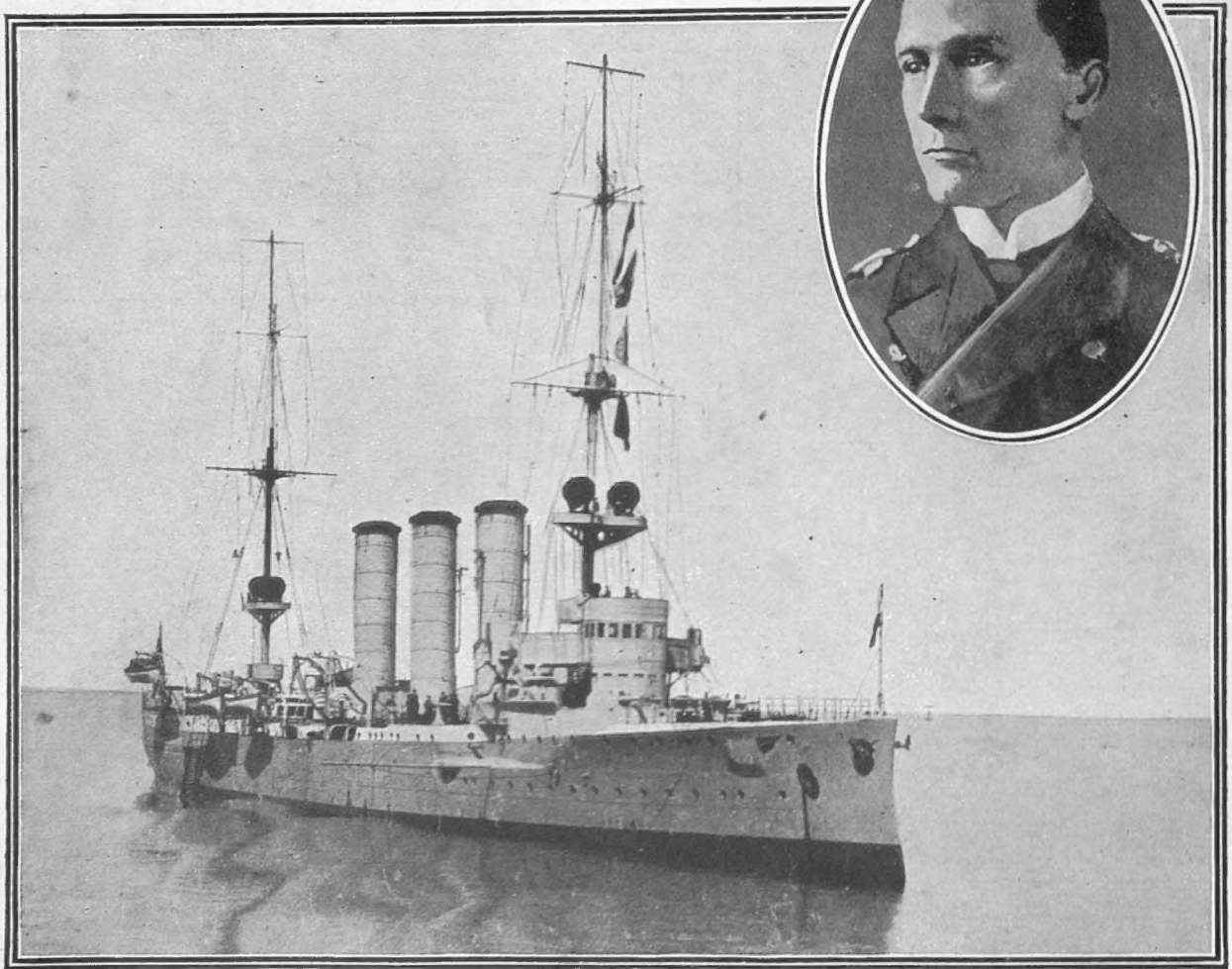
THE LATE PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG

About to make a flight with Gustav Hamel, who lost his life in the course of an attempt to fly the Channel. The Prince, a lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifles, died last week of wounds received in action. In the illustration he is seen seated behind the pilot

—And Other Great Musicians

The Germans claim Wagner, of course. Wagner was a Saxon. But he, too, was a revolutionary, and was driven from Germany in 1848, only to return to it by the request of the Mad King of Bavaria. As to the rest of Germany's claim on the great composers, Handel was a Hanoverian, who spent his life in England; Haydn, Schubert, and Weber were Austrians; Mendelssohn and the Strausses and Meyerbeer were Jews, Bach was of Weimar, Schumann a Saxon, Brahms a Hamburger. German, certainly, but not a single one of the great composers has come from Prussia, owes anything whatever to, or would have had part or lot in, its "kultur." The same applies to creative genius of all other kinds save in the trickery and brutality of politics and war.

"We Want You, Ma Honey, Yes, We Do!"



"The cruiser "Emden," the capture of which is looked for as one of the first duties of Lord Fisher, the new Sea Lord of the Admiralty. Her Captain, Karl von Muller (whose portrait is inset), seems up to a certain point to have "played the game" with fairness as well as skill, but his exploit of last week, when he sank two of the Allies' warships was apparently achieved in part by methods which the Allied Navies would scorn to employ

Four "Irresistible" Forces

THAT HURL THEMSELVES DAILY AGAINST IMMOVABLE ROCKS

GENERAL VON KLÜCK

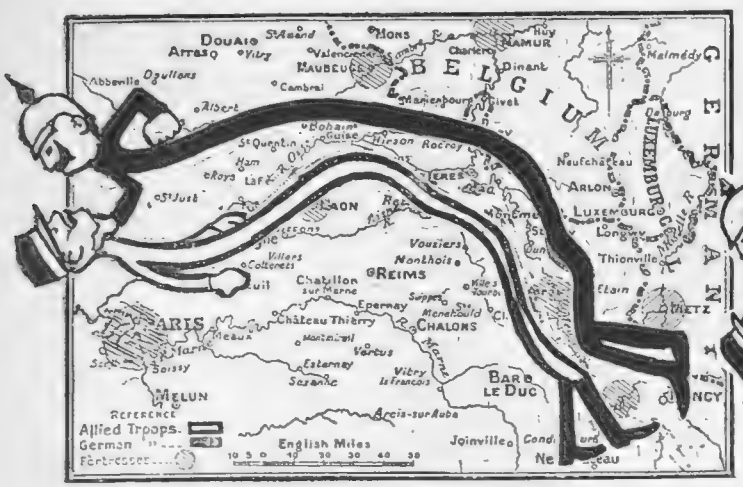
GENERAL VON BUELOW

THE CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA

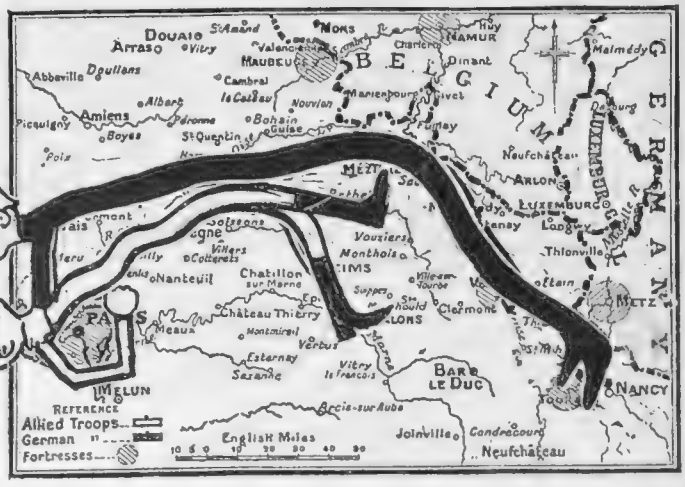
DUKE ALBRECHT OF WURTEMBURG

The four leaders of the great German attack on the Allied Left from Arras to the North Sea, which has been delivered with frantic violence for three weeks, only to encounter equally violent resistance. Able as the German Generals are, no one of them has yet proved himself a Moltke or a Blucher, and up to the present, no one of them seems likely to earn fame as other than a marksman of time

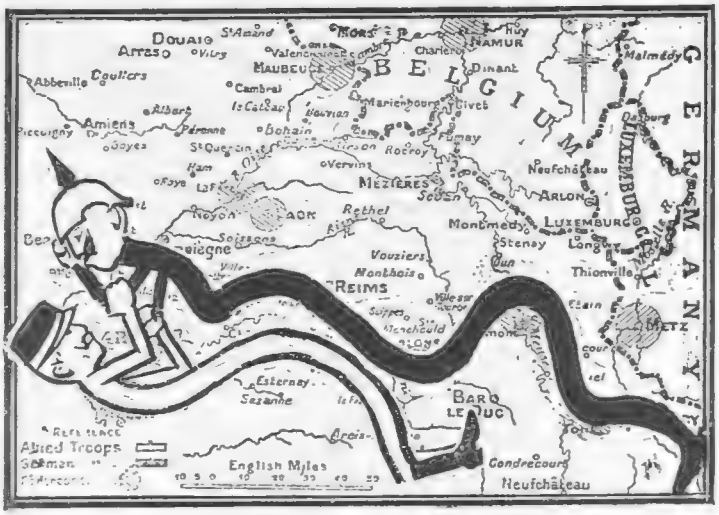
Catch-As-Catch-Can Warfare: Two



September 1



September 2



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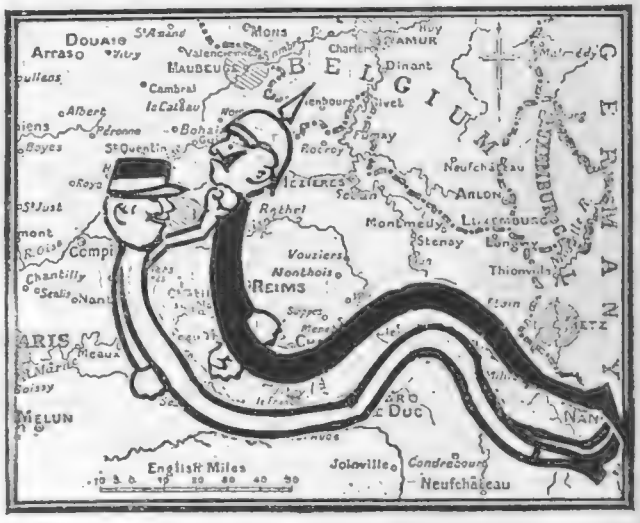

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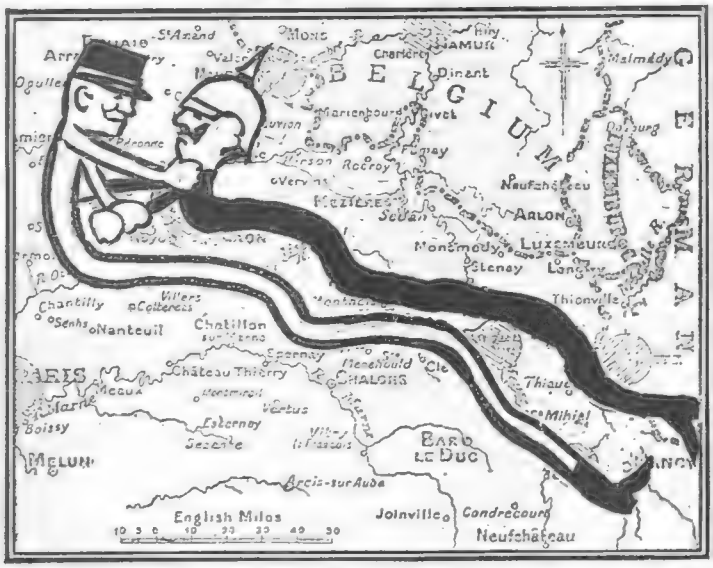

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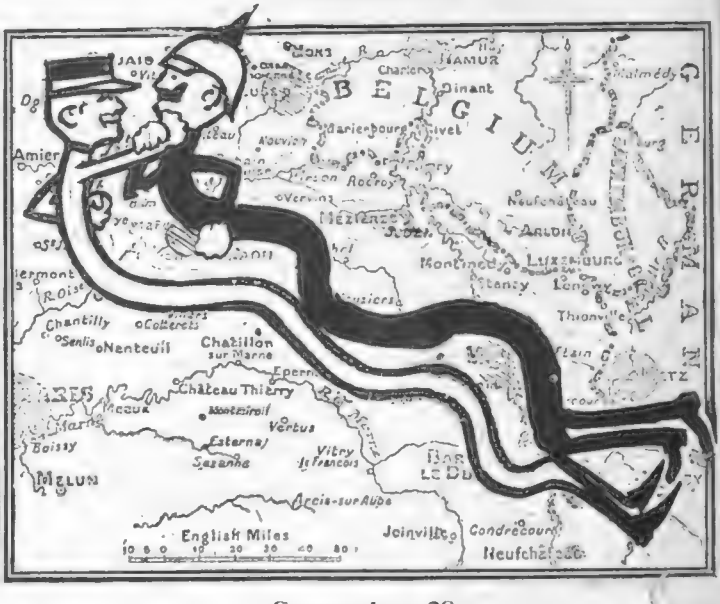
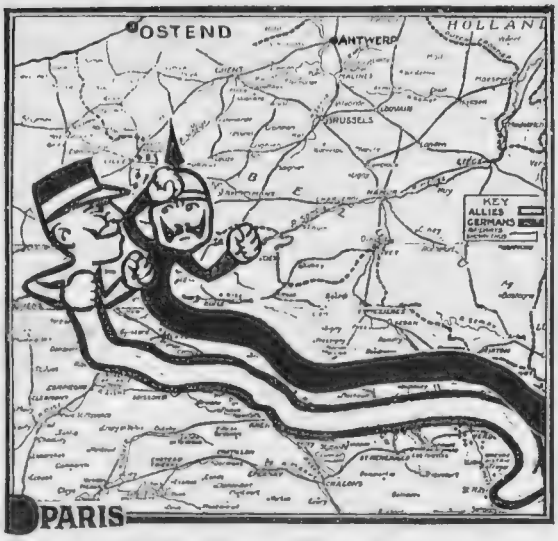


September 28

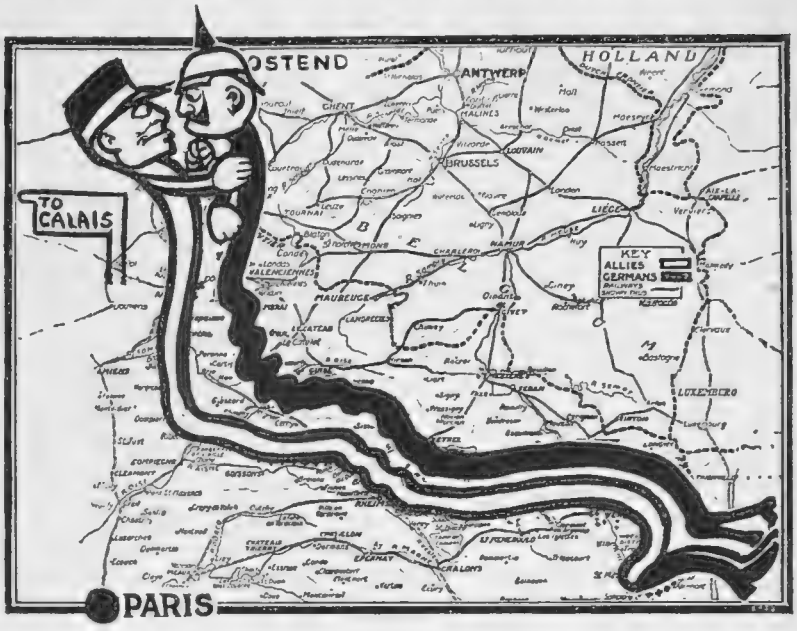
The above sketches represent, approximately, the positions of the Allied and the German lines as they have changed since the first of September. The attitudes suggest nothing so much as those of two "scientific" wrestlers locked in each other's grip for interminable spaces of time. At the start, the advantage rested with the German,

The maps on which the figures are imposed are from those published

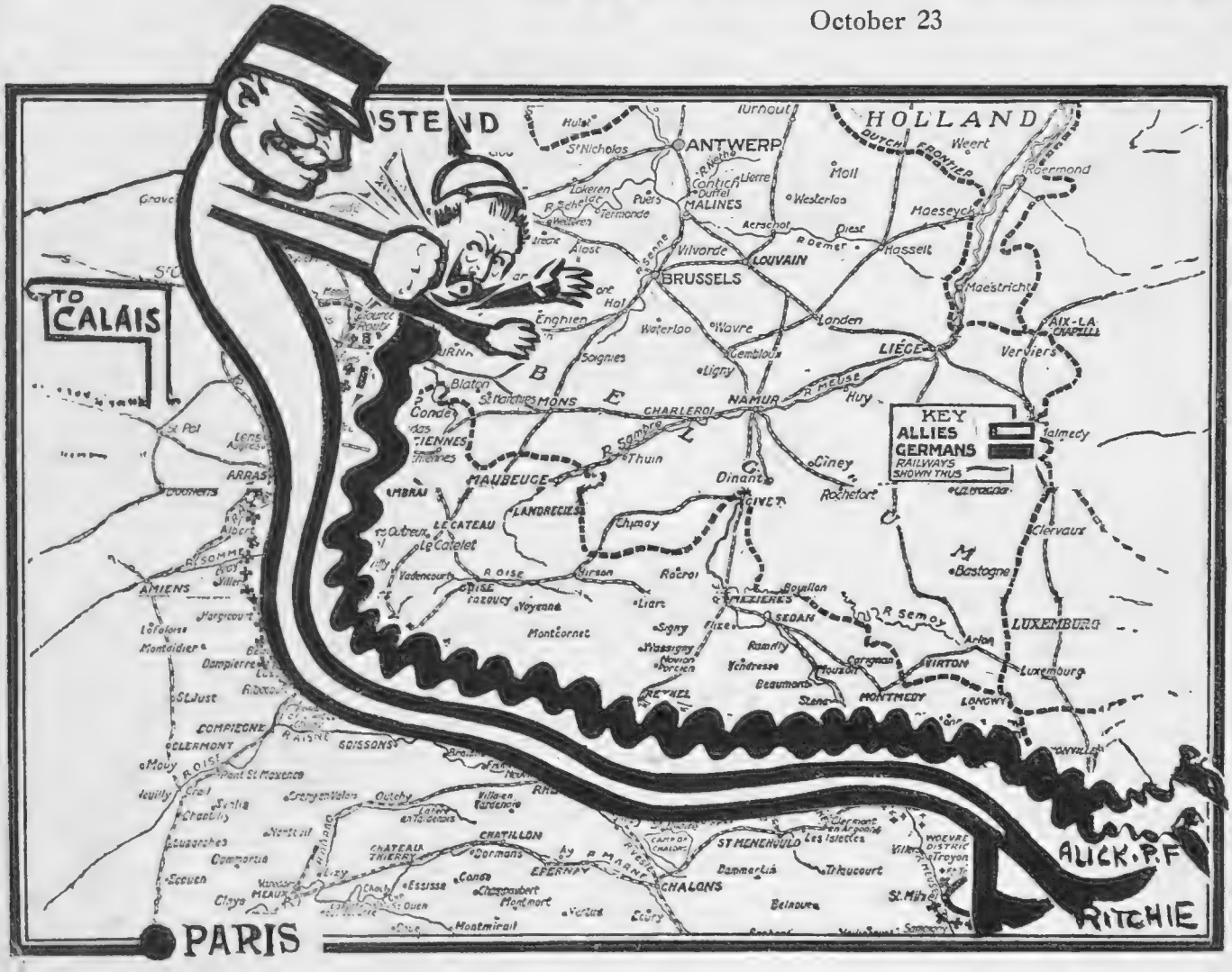
Months of Clinching and a Breakaway



October 13



October 23



October 26

who had his opponent well under. Slowly, however, the latter raised himself until he is at last seen in such complete control of his own movements that he is able to convert the wrestling bout into one of fisticuffs, and to land the enemy one straight from the shoulder. Whether the blow will prove a "knock-out" remains to be seen

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The Twilight of Mars

By "DOWNWRITER"

THIS war has already been called, by some people, the Gotterdämmerung: the gods whose twilight it is being, of course, the War Lords of Germany. May it be so; but for my part I incline to regard it as the downfall not of a batch of tin gods, but of the real divinity who has shaped their ends—I mean Mars himself.

It has already, I know, been described as the war that will end war. Mr. H. G. Wells and those who think with him believe that the Peace Treaty will give us a magic war-proof map, in which each of the different populations shall be given space in which to make its own little hell. Other end-the-war men put their faith in the old idea that the *horror* of war will incline the world to eternal peace. Another set see the end of war in the belief the Allies will "crush Prussian militarism."

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For myself, I see no hope in Mr. H. G. Wells's maps. Even could you fix the frontiers so as to please the populations as they exist to-day (which you couldn't), who is to say that they will suit the populations of to-morrow? Some populations are declining or stationary: others are increasing like rabbits. In another twenty-five years the big people of to-day will be on the road to littleness, and the little people to bigness, and you will have to have another war.

—•••—

Map me out no maps. Rather abolish them altogether. It is they whom we have to thank more than anything else for international squabbles. It is maps that remind big nations of their bigness, and give them swollen heads, and little nations of their littleness, and give them aching hearts. No nation should learn its size from its geography, only from its genius.

As to the idea of war being ended by the horrors thereof, it will not work. War is no more horrible at any one period than at any other. If to-day you have deadlier weapons for the destruction of life, so you have livelier means for the saving of it. If you have greater danger, you have greater cunning in the quest of safety. If you have irresistible siege guns, you have non-resisting fortresses. If one army moves in dense masses, its enemy meets it by open formations. The Zeppelin produces the air-gun. Every "horror," in short, brings in its train its corrective, with the result that war can never be said to be more horrible in one century than in any other.

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The "Crush Prussian Militarism" idea seems to be dropping out. It served its early purpose well enough, but sane people are beginning to accept the dictum first stated in these columns that you cannot crush an "ism" so long as there lives a human brain to give it lodgment, and that if militarism were crushed in Prussia, it would immediately rear its helmeted head somewhere else.

There may be other arguments in favour of this war being the ender of wars, but I leave you the privilege of refuting or accepting them yourself. My own forecast that this is the Twilight of Mars follows natural law. I see him dying at the hands neither of the map-maker nor of his own horrors. but in his bed. of senile decay.

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Mars is played out. War is dying because it is impotent to serve its own purposes. It is no more horrible than it was, but it is infinitely more stupid. It is no more deadly, only a thousand times more dreary. Mars no longer prances with flashing sword: he shuffles: he wears spectacles, and is bald. His presence in Europe is not vitalising, but devitalising. He sweeps from the activities everybody that is active, and throws their bodies into the passivity of a trench, leaving to the cities and towns and villages stagnation, sickness of heart, lights out, and early closing. Armies of millions, so-called at death grips, spend two months without either side appreciably improving or losing its hold. "The situation is unchanged." "There is no progress to record." "We advanced a little to the right, and gave ground a little to the left." "The battle is of a ding-dong character."

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The Censorship forbids interest in all save what it permits to be published. It will not even let a wife know where her husband, a mother her son, a girl her sweetheart, a sister her brother, is fighting, that she may at least have the vision of him in her ever-anxious eye.

He is taken from her behind a drawn veil. If his name appears in the casualty list, how he died, when and where, she is not to know. It may have been heroically; it may have been the reverse. It is no affair of hers.

Mars is, to-day, a creature of darkness, who snatches bodies in secrecy, a god of the Underworld. His chief claim, hitherto, on human admiration—that he was a gallant—is gone. He approximates nearer to the area sneak. The worst emotion he has raised until now is horror. Now he raises contempt.

—•••—

The nations of Europe will look back to the Great War as David Copperfield looked back to his days of residence with Mr. and Miss Murdstone—a gloomy, seamy, sordid time, when all was repression and correction, when the soul was interned in the body as a suspicious alien. The nations may forget the *horror* of 1914 because they will want to forget it, but they will not be able to forget the *depression* of the time of closed frontiers, closed theatres and opera houses, closed *salons*, closed coverts, closed cafés and cabarets, closed railway stations, closed oceans, closed art galleries, closed mouths and closed intellects. And the remembrance of it should cause the rulers of nations so long as they live never to utter, or even to think, the word War, and on their deathbeds to beseech their successors to regard the mention of it as the worst of all things, a breach of good taste.

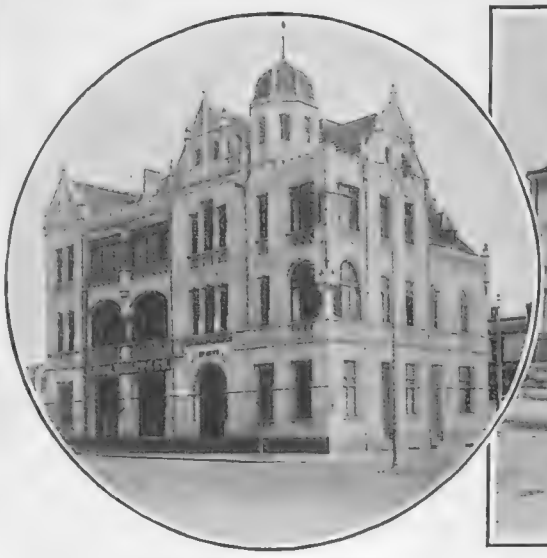
DOWNWRITER

Painfully Conspicuous

"Why, Gretchen, what a shame, there's a poor soldier who hasn't been given the Iron Cross"

"Thank You for Nothing," says Japan

GERMAN CULTURE IN THE FAR EAST AS SHOWN IN THE ARCHITECTURE OF TSINGTAU



THE TSINGTAU CLUB

THE KRONPRINZENSTRASSE

THE BISMARCKSTRASSE

THE KAISER-WILHELM-UFER

THE FRIEDRICHSTRASSE

Japan is accused of a desire—at the instigation of Britain—to uproot German "culture" in the Far East. Above will be seen some specimens of the architecture which the Germans have introduced into the land of Pagodas. It tells its own pitiable tale

The One Thing Needful

TO THE BRITISH SOLDIER IS THE CIGARETTE

THE "FAG" GIVES A CHEERFUL TONE TO THE LETTER HOME

THE REAL "GOOD SAMARITAN"

"I think tobacco is a great asset on active service," an officer says. "If the men can only get a 'fag' or a pipe they are content. They pay no heed to discomfort in the trenches, or on the march in the worst weather. Even if they are without their rations they won't complain if the 'fags' don't fail." Some have been reduced to smoking their allowance of tea. Others have smoked brown paper or leaves of trees. The knowing have sucked liquorice and tried to get comfort therefrom. "What shall we send our soldiers?" ask the folks at home, "something they'd appreciate." The answer is "Smokes"! Through the agency of one of the many newspapers which have undertaken the admirable work of sending supplies of tobacco to our Tommies, a silver sixpence will make one of these fine fellows happy for a week

THE MOST WELCOME OF ALL VISITORS IS "THE LADY WITH CIGARETTES"

BLISSFUL CONVALESCENCE — A CIGARETTE AND A NURSE TO READ OUT THE NEWS

The Great Discovery of the War:

A MERRY CANADIAN TAKES BABY OUT FOR AN AIRING

"ANYTHING TO HELP THE MISSUS": TOMMIES T

THE British soldier is the greatest discovery of the war. His "
dummy in the trench and signals "hit" or "miss" to the G
terror, are "Jack Johnson's" to him. In the most terrible fusilla
when a man gets a ball in the thigh he cries, "Out, by G—d!—'leg
the spirit of the British Army, the spirit which has amazed even o
see the way our boys took it. They lay in the trenches for eighty h
"les Anglais." No wonder the French girls, as they look with ado
from hell"! The British soldier loves the children, and learns a fe
him into trouble—as, for instance, when the enemy have surprised h
man staggered into a French town and appeared to be lost. "The
have a shave first"! All this is evidence of the "undoubted moral

"LE TUB"—A SPECTACLE WHICH AMAZES THE FRENCH

THE "LOAF AND BAYONET" GAME:
ON THE PO

The Non-Depressible British Soldier

NG UP THE GARDEN WHERE THEY ARE BILLETTED

," seen from a Taube, turns out to be a football match; he sticks up a
ns, so that they are nonplussed; monstrous shells, which should strike
mmy's one thought is, "When are they going to stop for tea?" And
wicket,' as the umpire says. Better luck next innings, boys!" This is
n Staff. "It was fine," says an officer of the R.M.L.I. at Antwerp, "to
nd cracked jokes amid the terrible shell-fire. No wonder France idolises
upon the giant Highlanders swinging past, cry, "There go the women
rds of French from them; his passion for a bath or a wash has often got
licking in a river with his clothes on the bank. The other day a wounded
l is that way," a bystander said: "I know," was the reply, "but I must
iority" over the enemy, which is the pride of our Commander-in-Chief

THE FAMOUS STRETCHER SMILE OF THE HIGHLANDER

MY PLAYS AT CATCHING A FRENCH LOAF
OF HIS BAYONET

HAPPY HIGHLANDERS AND THEIR OBLIGING FRENCH HOSTESS

The Bystander in Paris

SPIES AND THE CENSOR

I HAVE just been looking carefully and critically at the title of this article. I have been trying to puzzle out in my own little mind the exact relationship of espionage to the Censorship and of the Censorship to espionage. It is as great a puzzle as the famous question which relates to the relative precedence of the first chicken and the first egg. We are so used to the circumstances of the war by now that it takes a good deal to upset our equanimity. We do not even get interested when we hear two men discussing the difference between the noises made by different kinds of shells overhead, or the ethics of the battlefield. I heard two men in a tramway, a couple of afternoons ago, arguing whether, when you tugged at a German helmet and the dead German's head came with it you ought to leave them both behind you or shake the German's head out and keep the helmet. Nobody took any particular notice.

But spies and the Censorship are always interesting. Perhaps it is because I am a journalist that paragraphs in newspapers excite me when they look like this:

"Down the road from ——— to ——— a ——— was passing. The men looked very ——, but their eyes were bright, and though the ———. However, there can be no doubt whatever that the ——— because if such were not the case we should ——— next week."

This is the kind of thing you may see in any French paper any day. It is stimulating to the imagination, of course, and every journalist who wrestles with it feels that he, too, is doing something for his country, because the same thing will happen to his own effort at literature to-morrow so as to prevent the Germans finding out what he is writing about. The trouble, of course, is from the journalistic point of view, that the German is not the only reader who finds difficulties in understanding literature which has

"THE CITY OF LIGHT ATTRACTED ME, BUT ALAS! I BURNED MY WINGS"

A reproduction of one of the most popular of the many satirical postcards now selling in Paris

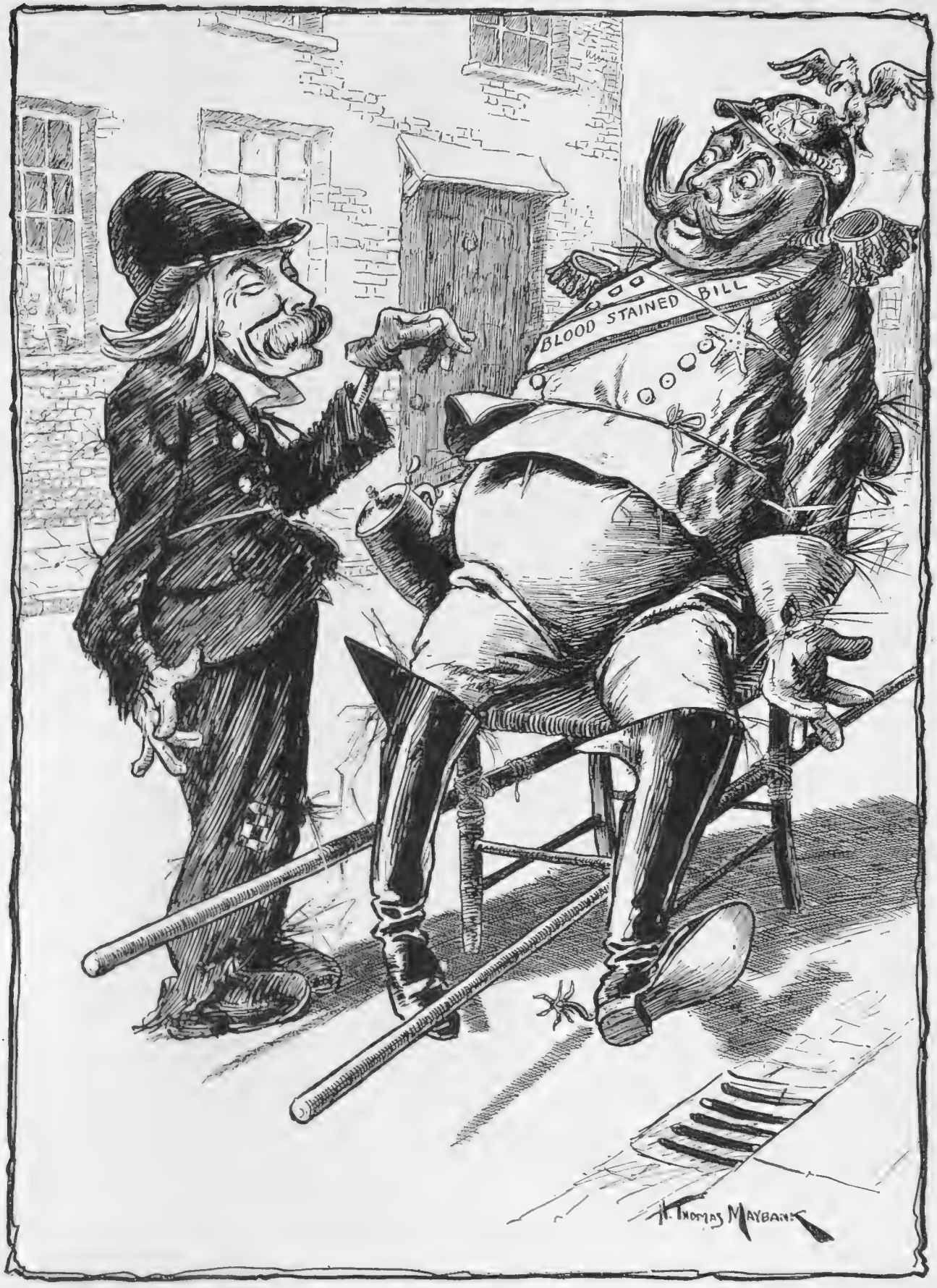
been blanked by the Censor. I shall never laugh at Russian *caviar* again —I mean, of course, the Censor's *caviar*, for the other kind with a drop or two of lemon-juice and nice crisp toast to eat it on will be a subject for prayer rather than for laughter at any time. What the Censorship means to the newspaper world may be gathered from the fact that only one morning paper in Paris has succeeded in appearing regularly without any blanks. To do this, a six-page paper is produced every night so that a two-page paper may appear without any blanks in the morning.

Knowing as we do how busy the Censor is, we wonder why spies should take so much trouble to procure French and English newspapers. However, it is no use wondering about German spies, and it is no use laughing at them. At the beginning of the war I was subjected to a good deal of chaff and a good deal of conversation which was harder to bear than chaff because I was very affirmative about the ubiquity of the German spy. You all realise now, of course, that I knew what I was talking about. The German Army looks to its spies and to its machinery for far more useful work than it looks to its soldiers. But while the Censor is busy the German spy is so very busy in so many other ways than poring over newspapers, that one wonders whether if the Home Office did a little more and the Censor a little less it would not be an advantage. Personally, I should be inclined to enlist a few young Fleet Street men with imagination and let them write "Facts" which it suited the purposes of the Generals in the field to let the Germans know. I would not have any blanks in the papers, I would have the enemy deceived, I would not register aliens, I would get rid of them. It is bad enough to know that whole companies of Germans in Belgian or British uniforms have succeeded in deceiving our Allies and ourselves and causing wholesale death, without allowing civilians to build cement platforms for heavy guns at home or signal the departures of ships. Are there any British spies in Germany? If not, why not? We are sealing up German shops and German houses in Paris now till the war is over. This may be hard on a few decent Germans but they must blame their countrymen and Kaiser for the hardship. What is being done in this way in London?

We have no exaggerated gentleness in France any longer to alien enemies within our gates, or to spies. In a shop the other afternoon a woman was giving directions for the forwarding of a quilt to a German maid in a concentration camp. "The poor creature is shivering with cold," she said. The old man who was booking the order sat up. "So are a great many poor women whose husbands are fighting for France," he said. "Why don't you give the money you are spending on this German to a soup kitchen?" A few days ago I was an object of suspicion. Quite a large crowd went with me to the Mairie, and there were a great many apologies when I had proved that I was an Englishman. The apologies were quite unnecessary. Better that an Englishman in France, or Belgians and Frenchmen and Russians in England, be bothered constantly by suspicion of espionage than that one German spy be allowed to slip through the meshes of the net.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

5/11/1914



THE GUY IN POSSESSION: "Sorry! I'm afraid I've got your seat"
EX-OFFICIO GUY: "Don't mention it. Delighted, I'm sure"

Is the Crown Prince Responsible?

SOME FACTS WHICH PROVE HIM TO HAVE BEEN HIS FATHER'S EVIL GENIUS

WHEN did this war really begin? Chronologically on August 4, 1914. But wars do not begin with the declaration thereof, and if there are cases when nations have plunged suddenly into the vortex, this is certainly not one of them. The present war's beginning dates from the day on which William II. first decided that Germany should go to war, and that date was (according to a book, *The Real Kaiser*, just published by A. Melrose, Ltd.) the day in November 1911, on which Crown Prince William clapped his hands in the Reichstag. It was the occasion of an attack on the Imperial Chancellor by Dr. von Heydebrand for having allowed the Moroccan affair to be peaceably settled.

"In the Royal Box sat the Crown Prince wearing his uniform as Colonel of the Death's Head Hussars.

"With shining eyes and parted lips he leaned forward, devouring every word of the scathing indictment. When this call to arms concluded, the heir to the throne ostentatiously clapped his hands, leading a volley of applause in which members of all parties joined. . . ."

The Kaiser awoke next day to find himself and his Ministers derided and scorned. For what? For having kept the peace of Europe.

In that hour died William the Peaceful. Those who knew him best knew that the die was cast. Germany began to prepare in grim earnest. The theory that this is the Crown Prince's war, not the Kaiser's, is proved by chapter and verse in this anonymous booklet. The Kaiser decided on war because, did he not do so, the Crown Prince would steal his thunder.

The Crown Prince got himself paragraphed continuously as a charming, kind-hearted young man, who stopped his motor to lift a labourer here, to pat a child's head, to buy from a pretty girl a bunch of violets there. During his Coronation visit to London, he "took a walk down Fleet Street," and, looking a good deal jollier for his Coronation champagne, he made himself very agreeable indeed to those who recognised him.

He was broad-minded, too! No prejudice against the proletariat. Rather a Socialist himself, in fact. He rushed in to stop the settlement of the Guelph feud, in so doing quarrelling with his newly-married brother-in-law, the Duke of Cumberland; took leave of the Death's Head Hussars in a tearfully bellicose letter; sent the message "Bravo" to the hero of the Zabern affair (Colonel von Reuter); wrote a preface to a wildly warlike book called *Germany Under Arms*, and pronounced "excellent" *Germany's Hour of Destiny*, a war appeal by one Frobenius.

THE MAN BEHIND THE KAISER

A few days before war the Crown Prince went for a mysterious motor ride near the Belgian frontier, along the very road which the German Armies subsequently took, and when war broke out, while the Kaiser drove through Berlin "stern and inscrutable, a figure of destiny," the Prince was all smiles.

Everything goes to prove that the war is the Crown Prince's, and that the Kaiser's responsibility for it is only that of a man acting under compulsion.

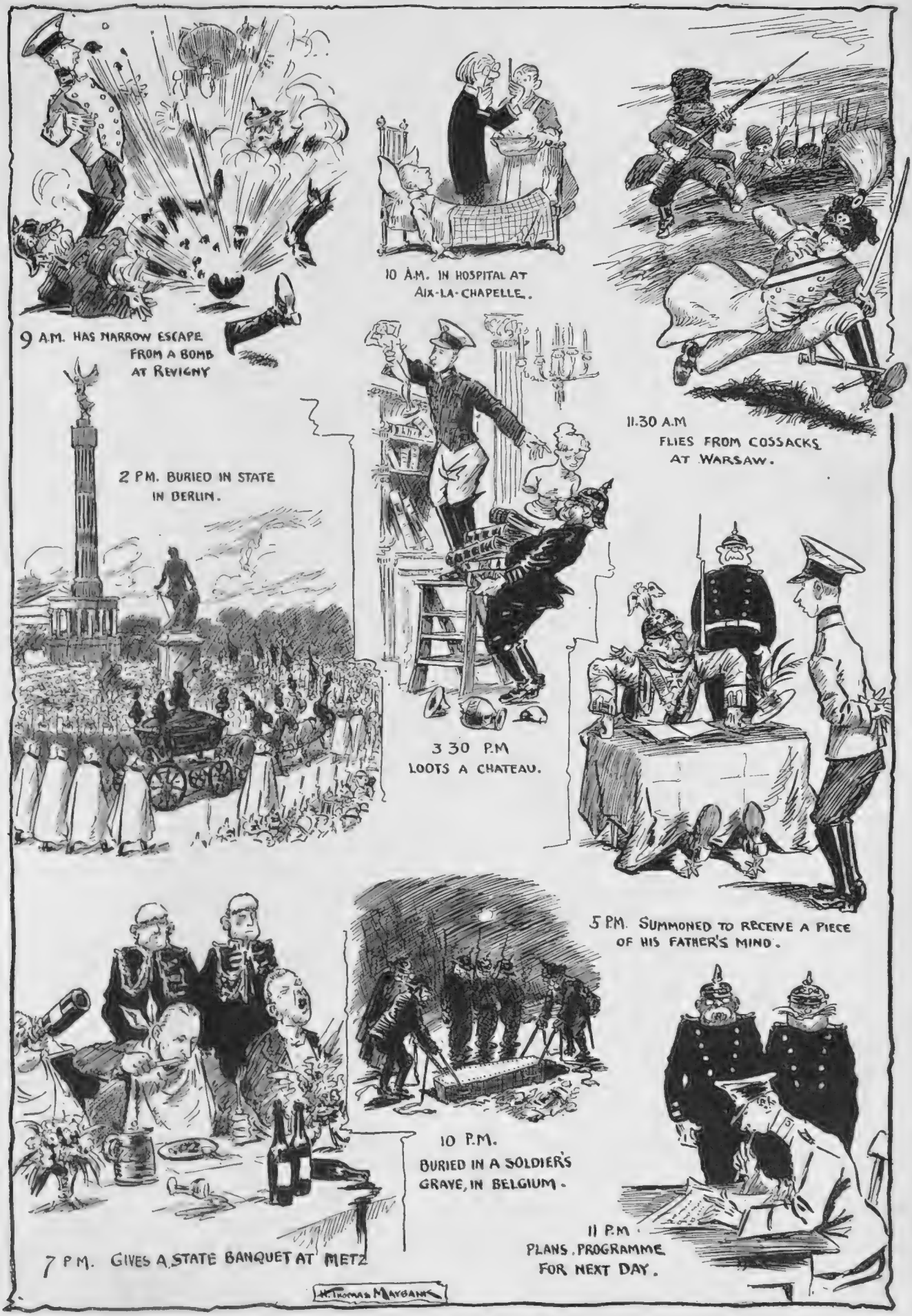
This being the case, is it not time the British people and Press ceased to direct the whole of their righteous indignation upon the Kaiser, who is a subject more for pity than hatred? The real culprit is the future Wilhelm III. On his head be the blood of millions.

And, as events indicate, Retribution is his already. For if Germany has achieved few decisive successes, she has achieved one decisive failure, and that is the operations of the armies commanded by the Crown Prince, west and east.

His defeat at Vitry-le-Francois was the greatest German "smash" of the war, and had it only been followed up by the unsuspecting Frenchmen, the Germans might never have been able to make their stand on the Aisne.

Since this, the Prince has been beaten again before Warsaw. All roads seem to lead him back to Dantzic.

The Crown Prince: A Day in His Life



AS DEPICTED IN THE "NEWS" FROM VARIOUS THEATRES OF WAR

Russia in the Literary Eye

The Need for Selection

A whole literature has been rising up in this country about our ally in the Near East, and it is now possible for even those who have never visited Russia or come into contact with the Russians to learn something authoritative about the largest of all the European States. In this literature, however, it is necessary to pick and choose with some care. Russia is not a land where every other man is a Nihilist, nor, on the other hand, is it entirely populated with a kind of elemental savage who should rightly have lived in the Middle Ages. Superstitious Russia may still remain; it may, perhaps, be uncouth—because even Russians themselves cannot have accurate knowledge of more than a small part of their country—but it is essentially lovable. In this connection it is impossible not to think of Stephen Graham's books, but he is not alone in the field.

"The Mainsprings of Russia"

For a plain statement of what Russia is to-day, what she wants to do, where she has succeeded, and where she is possibly failing, Mr. Maurice Baring's latest volume, *The Mainsprings of Russia* (Nelson: 2*s.* net.), can hardly be bettered. The Russian peasant is a phenomenon which generally baffles the ordinary Englishman: Mr. Baring's second chapter, short though it is, should do much to remove the most serious misconceptions about him. The nobility come in for consideration as well as that Government Machine round which some of our novelists are so fond of spinning their most lurid yarns. Possibly the most interesting chapter of all is devoted to the Church. Just what the Church means to the Russian peasant cannot be easily grasped by those who are ignorant of Russian life, yet Mr. Baring manages to convey something of its true import. Fitly enough he concludes this admirable little book with a few words on the fascination which Russia exerts on her Western Allies.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

The well-known author, who has recently been devoting his energies with success both on the platform and in the Press to the work of recruiting. At recruiting meetings in his own "West Countrie" in particular he is one of the most sought-after speakers

A Russian Novel

Mr. Baring has something to say on the average Russian, but, as is natural, he has little enough to say of that particular type of man who, appearing on the scene within the last decade or so, has endeavoured to find new moralities and new values. The self-conscious, dissatisfied, rather morbid young man has made his presence felt not only in Paris and Berlin, but also in Petrograd. (Culture, it seems, has a lot to answer for, even when not spelt with a K.) In this connection it is of interest to note that now for the first time there appears an English translation of the most notorious Russian novel of recent years. *Sanine* (Secker: 6*s.*) was published some years ago and sold largely both in Russia and outside. The author, Michael Artzibashef, would seem to have set out to shock. As Mr. Gilbert Cannan says in a short preface: "*Sanine* is a thoroughly uncomfortable book." It deals quite brutally with some of those uncomfortable Russians who, whilst apparently determined to "get somewhere," have only succeeded in adding to their own worries. The morbid young man has provided good copy in his time, but never before has he been set down so remorselessly as in *Sanine*. And Artzibashef does not mince matters. By consequence *Sanine* will not be to the taste of a large number of people. On the other hand, it is a most absorbing study of certain young people who are determined in their several ways to say "yea" or "nay" to life, and such is the author's skill that you read on, hardly noticing how curiously loose is the novel's construction, or how comparatively few words of it are devoted to Sanine himself. As to why Artzibashef should have written such a book I may quote from Mr. Cannan. "M. Artzibashef is fascinated by the brutality of human life, and filled with hatred of his own disgust at it." Yet he is forced to add that the author "has been exasperated into frankness more than moved to truth." Possibly this is the final criticism.

Catherine the Great

But then, of course, it is necessary to remember that the Russian Mrs. Grundy is not quite the same as her English sister. She has never been quite the same. You are reminded of this fact after reading Mr. E. A. Brayley-Hodgetts' *The Life of Catherine the Great* (Methuen: 16*s.* net), an entertaining biography, carefully planned and written with a welcome ease. That Catherine deserved her title few historians have ventured to dispute. Where they have fallen foul of one another has been in their interpretation of her various acts. Mr. Brayley-Hodgetts takes a safe middle course, and in doing so fortunately never falls into the trap laid by the gods for the middle-coursers: he never becomes dull. He allows you to see that Catherine was not spotless, and without emulating Artzibashef in any way, refuses to play censor where no censorship is necessary. And as a result his *Life* is exceedingly readable. R. S.

WORKMAN: "'Ave a fag, matey?"
NEW RECRUIT (late Bank Clerk): "Oh thenks awf'ly!"
WORKMAN (apprehensively): "I beg pardon, sir"

A Musical Scandal

RICHARD STRAUSS AS THE "PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE" AT THE QUEEN'S HALL CONCERTS

NOT even at a time like this, when more serious interests, more exciting topics have moved the journalistic back seat occupied by music even further back than usual can silence be kept about the programmes of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts. Quite frankly, the whole community interested in music is absolutely amazed, and, for the most part, thoroughly disgusted at the lack of enterprise, the sheer dullness of them. Four programmes have already been announced; they contain no French music, no English music at all. Russia is represented only by Tchaikovski, and Tchaikovski in his most familiar possible aspect. Worst of all, the sole living composer honoured is . . . who, do you think? Richard Strauss!! Were the programmes not before me as I write I should never have believed that what used to be the most enterprising musical organisation in England could descend to such a level of musical senility.

Let us be frank about the whole matter. It is well known in musical circles that the Queen's Hall Orchestra has been largely dependent on the generosity of a particular individual. It is now rumoured among the well-informed that this support has been withdrawn. That may be a reason, but it is no excuse for the present state of things. If Sir Henry Wood and those with him needed financial support why did they not tell us so? If it were impossible to find one wealthy Englishman to carry on such a beneficent enterprise, it would not, I am sure, have been impossible to induce a number of Englishmen to share the responsibility between them. But as the directors have not thought fit to take us into their confidence we have no obligation to treat the facts otherwise than as they appear on the surface.

Nobody wants to be unreasonable, to ask for new works that require a great deal of rehearsal. In a time like this the expense would be plainly unjustifiable. But everybody who knows the ordinary repertory of the orchestra is asking himself where the difficulty comes in. Why on earth should we hear nothing of Franck, Debussy, or Ravel? Where are Rimski-Korsakoff and Borodin? Above all, what has Edward Elgar done to deserve this boycott? That British composers should be deliberately shoved aside at a time like this is a scandal. Here we stand at a critical moment of our history—when everybody realises that in musical, as in other matters, we are forced, as never before, to rely on ourselves—and, to prove our competence, I suppose, we are asked to be content with Richard Strauss. In other words, we are asked to believe that modern Britain, France, and Russia are musically inferior to modern Germany, a pretension so obviously ludicrous to any musician who knows the actual condition of things in Europe that it need only be stated to be refuted.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE—GERMAN SOLDIER

A snapshot which strikes, for once, a softer note. It shows a German patrol whiling away the time in a characteristically German way

There is no musical chauvinism in Britain. Nobody desires to make war on Beethoven, Wagner, or even Strauss himself. But the musicians of the Allied countries—for, be it noted, they are all equally snubbed—may reasonably ask for a certain amount of preferential treatment, especially as Germany has been protected for so long. The fact of the matter is that German "Kultur" has captured the machine of English music, and until we can get rid of it we shall accomplish nothing either for ourselves or for our non-German friends. For German "Kultur" has no use for anything or anybody that does not acknowledge its suzerainty. Sir Henry Wood, the more honour to him, has always been one of our leaders against the Germanisation of music. One may not always agree with his attitude to music in general or with his selection of English music in particular. But he was the pioneer of Russian music in England, his performances of French music were excellent, and he has done more than any other man to make music a permanent feature of London life. That he should now fail us in our need, in the supreme moment when everything should be done to consolidate our music as something typically our own, is nothing less than humiliating. There must be some explanation. Musicians await it with impatience.

FRANCIS TOYE

A Royal Lady Bountiful

Photograph *Ernest Brooks*

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARY

This charming photograph has been specially taken in order that a reproduction of it may be embossed on the boxes of "smokes" which Her Royal Highness is arranging to provide out of the Fund which bears her name and to have sent out as Christmas gifts to our troops at the front

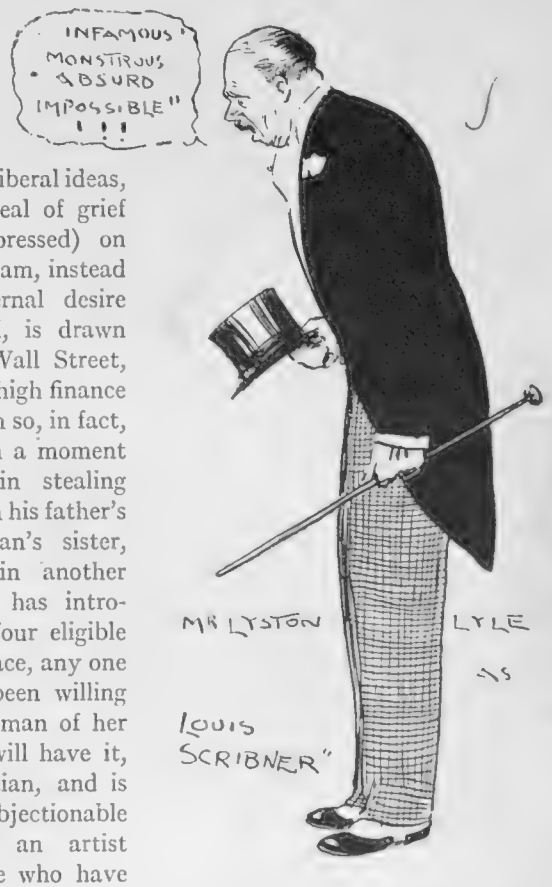
"The New Shylock" at the Lyric Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is another of the Jewish plays imported from America, and its object seems to be to prove that even a poor Jewish pawnbroker of the New York Ghetto may do justly and love mercy as well as a Christian any day in the week. In fact, here and there the comparison seems to be rather unnecessarily emphasised; and the dragging in of the ancient and celebrated tag, "See how these Christians love one another!" is to say the least of it, a little unfortunate at the present very exciting moment. Apart from these rather too frequent sentiments of debatable taste, however, the play tells an agreeably human story, which begins with a delightful scene of domestic comedy, and proceeds by the way of palpable melodrama to an extremely foregone conclusion.

The New Shylock is one Simon Ehrlich, a Russian Jew, very capably represented by Mr. Charles Calvert, who, indeed, has the stage to himself nearly all the time. Simon is a Jew of the stricter sort, bringing with him from his native Russia all the "old fashioned" reverence for his religion and his race. His children, who have been born and bred in America, have not unnaturally acquired more liberal ideas, thus bringing a good deal of grief (which is copiously expressed) on their fanatical parent. Sam, instead of respecting the paternal desire and becoming a Rabbi, is drawn into the whirlpool of Wall Street, and develops a taste for high finance at an early age. So much so, in fact, that he feels justified in a moment of financial pressure in stealing unredeemed pledges from his father's shop. The young man's sister, Rebecca, is a rebel in another direction. Her father has introduced her to three or four eligible young men of her own race, any one of whom would have been willing to marry her; but the man of her choice, as luck will have it, is a mere Christian, and is all the more objectionable because he is an artist besides. People who have met artists will appreciate the sting of this last remark. Not that I wish to mention any names, of course.

Simon's trouble comes to him all at once. One evening after the shop has shut and he is preparing to retire, he learns with cruel abruptness that his son is a thief and his daughter is not "straight." I take this last word from the play itself, without claiming in the least to know what it means. I do know, however, that Rebecca weeps a good deal when the charge is brought home to her, a fact that is apt to engender even in guileless minds like my own suspicions of a very uncharitable nature. And on the top of all this trouble Simon's second wife, a lady many years his junior, feels that she has a call to the stage, which she answers by walking out of the house with a small bag, which



seems hardly large enough to contain the costume of even a modern ballet girl. Thus in two acts a home that seemed at first to be agreeably united and happy is broken all up, and Simon is falling about his shop explaining in a violent access of tearful emotion that he is helpless and forsaken.

The third act brings still more trouble to the New Shylock, who might well have asked, like his famous prototype, "if you prick us, do we not bleed?" The son, who was to have been a Rabbi, has been faking the books at his office instead; while the daughter appears to be "living out" under circumstances of which the prudent would hardly approve. In the last act, however, the cloud begins to show its silver lining. Simon's second wife comes back after an absence of three weeks to confess that she thinks home's best after all; while Rebecca's

Marjorie Is My Only Joy

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS WINIFRED BARNES

Who is playing with much vivacity and charm the part of Marjorie Joy in "A Country Girl," successfully revived at Daly's Theatre last week

young man calls to say that as Simon has such a rooted objection to him because he is a Christian, he is quite willing to become a Jew!

I should imagine that levity of this kind cannot be very acceptable even to a Jewish audience. Simon himself seems to appreciate this fact by his criticism of the grotesque proposal. He says very properly that the Jews have no use for undesirable converts. In spite of all his great strength of mind, however, he finds himself at the end of the play with all his lofty ideals lamentably modified. His originally insuperable objection to being related to a Christian by marriage is overcome, and he finds himself blessing where he came to curse.

Mr. Charles Calvert shows a surprising amount of endurance in his representation of the part of the New Shylock, and his sustained energy is the more remarkable by reason of the uniform excellence of his acting. He smiles and weeps in turns throughout the evening, and in both moods is most acceptable. The dry humour characteristic of the Hebrew in perplexing situations is admirably handled by Mr. Calvert. Mrs. Ehrlich the Second, for instance, in the first violence of her mania for the dramatic profession has adorned the walls of the connubial bedroom with portraits of all the young and lovely actresses who are the objects of her admiration. Simon Ehrlich, who deplores his wife's taste in this direction, protests that it positively shocks his sense of modesty to have to prepare for bed every night with all those ladies looking on!

It appears that Sam Ehrlich's employer in Wall Street is a Mr. Scribner (Mr. Lyston Lyle), who, as it happens, is the father of the young man who is anxious to marry Rebecca. Mr. Scribner calls on old Simon to explain that Sam has helped himself to seven thousand dollars of the firm's good money, and that Simon had better repay the amount to avoid painful proceedings. Simon agrees to do this for the sake of the family honour, and then draws Scribner's attention to Scribner Juniors's lapse in respect of Rebecca.

After being satisfied that Simon is not complaining without a sufficient cause, Scribner says he will waive his claim for the seven thousand dollars if Simon will agree to hush up Rebecca's trouble. The nature of the bargain is obvious, but Simon cannot refrain from explaining it bluntly and protesting that according to the Wall Street standard, the price of his daughter's honour is just seven thousand dollars. This scene appears to me to be both painful and unnecessary. Something like it has occurred in other plays; but I do not think it has occurred with such distressing emphasis.

The last news we have of the light-fingered Sam is to the effect that he has gone to the wheatfields of Canada to start afresh, an announcement that suggests that the inhabitants of those parts would do well to lock up their plate-baskets at night. Mr. Charles Calvert is very ably and sweetly supported by Miss Edyth Olive as the second Mrs. Ehrlich, and Miss Madge Titheradge as the erring Rebecca.

The moral of the play is really no more than the familiar experience that sons and daughters do not always see eye to eye with their parents, especially when these latter are over-conservative and lacking in imagination. After all, if strict filial obedience were the unvarying rule of life the progress of the world would be very slow indeed. We cannot keep on perpetuating the mistakes of our parents merely because they deluded themselves into the belief that they had a divinely inspired scent for the right road. *The New Shylock* is based on this obvious platitude, and the picturesqueness of the play is due only to the fact that its scenes are laid in the Ghetto instead of in some prosaic London suburb. JINGLE.

COLONEL JOHN BULL: "I believe in having plenty of reserves and in getting them in good condition."

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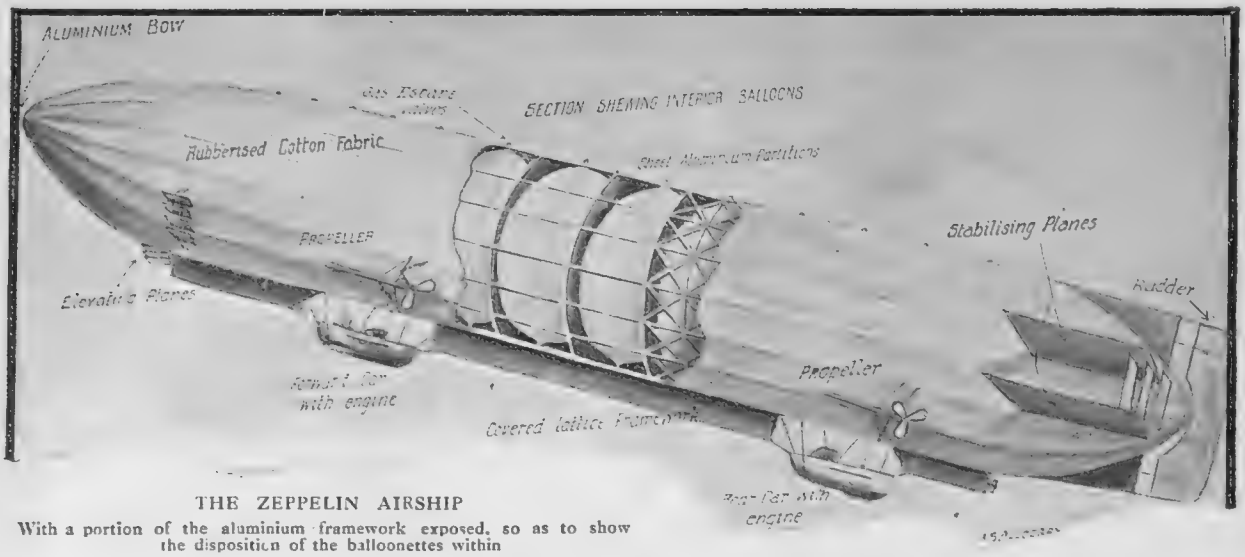

THE ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP

With a portion of the aluminium framework exposed, so as to show the disposition of the balloonettes within

London the Safest Place

WHAT of those Zeppelins? Are we going to admit that the Germans have really succeeded in frightening us? This, it seems to me, is a more pertinent question just now than the question, "What are we in for?" which we are not facing with that equanimity which, as Britons, we ought to display.

Let us assume the Zeppelin raid to be an accomplished fact. Because of it you and I and some dozens, perhaps, of the likes of us may suffer from an overdose of bomb. The odds that we don't are some millions to one. And as mere civilians do we matter—even at our own valuation—quite as much as the men "out there" whose lives are really precious (we are immune, at any rate, from the "cannon-fodder" illusion), and who are daily and hourly facing far—very far—shorter odds with indomitable cheerfulness? Are we really justified in getting into a state bordering upon blue funk about a matter so relatively immaterial as our own individual security when our object should be to aid the nation as a whole in showing a bold front to the enemy?

However, supposing we admit—purely for the sake of argument, of course—that we *are* a bit frightened, and that the Germans have so far "scored," there still remains the question whether there is anything to be frightened about. Let us remind ourselves, in the first place, that the Zeppelin must be a night-bird or nothing. Her effectiveness by day is practically nil. She is, in fact, the antithesis of the aeroplane.

In estimating the speed of a Zeppelin, fully loaded, at an average of thirty-miles an hour, I am probably erring on the safe side. At this speed she might reach London from, say, Antwerp in seven hours, and from other places nearer to our shores in proportionately less time. To avoid detection the start would have to be delayed until nightfall, or else a detour would have to be made which would come practically to the same thing, but would involve the loss of precious fuel. Once on her way the Zeppelin "sets her course" much after the manner of a sea-going ship by night; but the task, by reason of her altitude, is harder, and her pilots must know the route well in order not to be put off by wind currents and eddies even more baffling than the vagaries of the tide. Accordingly, she must travel fairly low in order to admit of observations being taken. Over England, moreover, the autumnal night mists would cause the utmost confusion. Even on moonlight and starry nights there is ground mist almost everywhere at this season, and the Zeppelin which could make a bee-line for London in autumn would deserve—all she could get.

As for London, it is normally so obscured by mist at this season that with every light ablaze it could show but a feeble glow. This would be visible only to the Zeppelin when it came so close to earth that the noise of its engine would be very distinct. But London now is abed very early, and from nightfall the lights are so dim that the air-raiders would have no guidance. London is probably the hardest place in England to find just now.

Were England reached under cover of a perfect night, the Zeppelin might cruise about until dawn, and then make a dash for London. But at the first glimmer of daylight the vessel would be easily detected. Once daylight comes, the Zeppelin above a hostile country under arms is absolutely doomed. Our aeroplanes, guns, and other defensive arrangements would speedily annihilate her.

The net conclusion is that the Londoner's risk of damage by Zeppelin raids is far smaller than the traffic risks which are normally encountered. Under the new conditions of dimmed lights the public have more to fear from the drivers of traffic, and the drivers have more to fear from the public, than either need fear from the Germans. Our best allies now are fog and westerly winds. When these prevail even the most timid Londoner can turn up the lights without fear. But even without them London is about one of the safest places in Europe. Ask the Belgian refugees what *they* think about it.

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Motoring Affairs of War-time

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

PAULHAN, THE FAMOUS FRENCH AVIATOR

Some of the adventures of French aviators have read very much as if written for cinema reproduction. Paulhan is the hero of the latest. Flying over a German aeroplane station, his mechanic, with a quick-firer, brought a German machine to the ground "with a fearful crash." Forced, in turn, to descend owing to a bullet-hole in his tank, the mechanic's quick-firer held off the pursuing Uhlans until the arrival of some French chasseurs

The Splendid R.F.C.

WE may leave the Government looking into that matter of the suspicious multiplication of demand for petrol in Denmark, and making proper, and I hope effective, representations to America, and turn once again to the really startling success of the British aviator in or over the theatre of war. Despite its numerical inferiority and the popular supposition that in war its effectiveness would be small by comparison with the French Corps, the R.F.C. has confounded expectation in a most remarkable manner. The official view, based upon the immaturity of the machine, contemplated the practically certain loss of 80 per cent. of men and machines. The experts were out of it by over 70 per cent. The air arm has lost less, I believe, than any other combatant department; yet as General French has acknowledged, it has been in hazardous activity almost every day irrespective of weather. Moreover, according to responsible military judgment, the British airman has proven himself easily the superior of his French comrade in reconnaissance work. His observations have been more reliable and his reports more valuable. His daring, of course, needs no comment; but here he must share honours with the French aviator. Altogether, the R.F.C. in men and machines has been a splendid revelation of most grateful and comforting proportions, while its work has fixed the aeroplane far more firmly in the category of reliable means of transport than ever it was before or was expected to be at this stage of its evolution.

* * *

An Achievement and an Appeal

Colonel Arthur du Cros's scheme of a complete self-contained motor ambulance convoy, approved by the War Office and welcomed by General French, has materialised—thanks to the energy and enthusiasm of Colonel du Cros himself and his friends. The convoy involved the donation and equipment of forty-nine cars and ten motor-cycles, and included a fully caparisoned repair and maintenance train. The response to the Colonel's appeal to the motor trade and to friends was immediate; and already the convoy, the first of its kind, manned by five officers, eight non-coms., and 136 rank and file, officered by Captain G. du Cros and Lieuts. W. du Cros and Lyne Stephens (each of whom provides his own car and serves without pay), is away on its errand of succour. Colonel du Cros now suggests that a similar convoy, urgently required by the Colonial and Indian troops, would, if presented, be one tangible token of the Motherland's appreciation of the patriotism of her sons. He and his friends have undertaken to provide the first ten of the motor vehicles required. An excellent suggestion and a fine start. Write Colonel du Cros at 14, Regent Street, S.W.

* * *

The Magic of Figures

Indeed, virtue *is* sometimes rewarded. There is much virtue in the 12 h.p. Rover. No car of £350 has more of the virtues of mechanical excellence, nor more bodily comfort, nor neater taste in appearances, nor better equipment. And the reward of the Rover is in the balance-sheet thereof. Set baldly, there is a total profit of £188,991 5*s.* 7*d.*, which means a dividend of 40 per cent, after putting £85,000 into sundry reserve funds, including £5,000 war fund for dependants of employees with the colours, and after sharing out £15,000 in bonuses among the staff. And still there is a little item of £36,852 2*s.* 1*d.* to carry forward. Verily "some" balance-sheet.

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No. 570.—Vol. XLIV. Wednesday, November 4, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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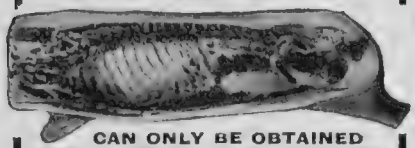

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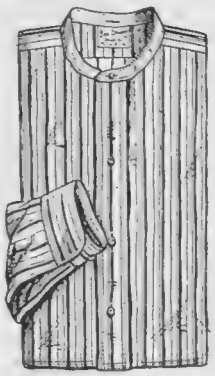

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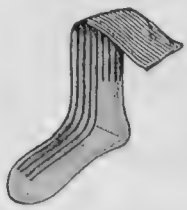

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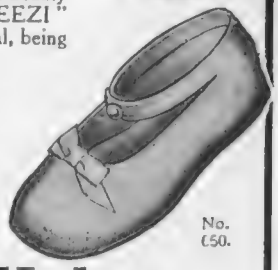

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Every Wolsey garment is pure wool, guaranteed unshrinkable, replaced if found otherwise. For Ladies, Men and Children.

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Beauty Is As Beauty Does

WOMAN'S CHANCE TO ACHIEVE ATTRACTION.

I HOPE no one will suspect me of taking the above title as text for a moral sermon on the vanity of looks and the superior value of virtuous conduct. Each thing in its own place, and this is not a pulpit. I have no ethical designs on an overworked maxim, which I refuse to consider in any but its literal and practical sense.

There is no need to discuss the moral worth of beauty—or what stands for beauty. It has always been admired, and, I hope, always will be. Those who affect to despise it lay themselves open to the charge of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The person who said that beauty is but skin-deep but ugliness sinks into the bone, knew whereof he or she spoke. Whatever the moralist may say we are only too well aware of the fact that the prizes of life go to the woman or girl who is personally attractive.

Photograph *Swaine*

LADY JEAN COCHRANE

Second daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, whose engagement to Lord Herbert Hervey, brother of the Marquis of Bristol, has been announced

Our modern taste in beauty is more catholic than that of any past age. To be beautiful nowadays a dazzling complexion is not essential, neither is symmetry of feature, which, on the whole, is considered rather insipid. Mere picture-book prettiness is not enough. What we require is the illusion of beauty, which should be within the reach of any woman not positively hideous or deformed. Beauty is an effect not a substance. Many women pass for beauties who, when analysed, can show hardly a single perfect feature.

It is all done by kindness—kindness to defects as well as charms. Indeed, a slight defect may be so treated as to rank as an attraction. The chief thing is to study one's good points and make the most of them. A clear skin, since it implies ordinary good health, and a little proper care, should be within the reach of everyone. Irregularity of feature can be mitigated if not actually turned to account by the arrangement of the hair, the choice of a hat and the way it is put on. Excessive plumpness or scragginess are pathological, and need a doctor's care—it must be admitted, however, that it is easier for the thin woman to make herself attractive than for the fat one. The hair, the teeth, and the nails must be kept in good condition.

So far, all this is only a question of health and cleanliness; now comes the more difficult part. Physical comeliness is not beauty, and never will be. To achieve real attraction a woman must be more than a handsome, well-groomed animal. She must possess grace, charm, and wit. The secret of grace is harmonious movement, the perfect and subconscious control of the muscles. Jerky movements, awkward poses, are not permissible. Many an almost plain woman has gained the reputation of a beauty through her carriage alone—she held herself as though she were a beauty, and people accepted her at her own valuation. If you hold yourself cheap never doubt but that others will follow your example.

As for charm, so often spoken of with bated breath as an unfathomable mystery, it is in reality quite simple. Study the woman noted for her charm, and you will find that it consists principally, if not entirely, in her sympathetic quality. She is genuinely interested in those with whom she comes in contact, in their joys, sorrows, and ambitions. You will never find her listening to even the most intolerable bore with inattention. Sympathy is not just courtesy, it is a fine art. It implies discretion, a knowledge of humanity, and the willingness to sink one's own interests in those of another, if only during a five minutes conversation. It is the art of meeting and complimenting another's personality. Wit and vivacity are powerful weapons in the beauty's arsenal, but without sympathy her reign is a precarious one; with it she can defy the ravages of time and rivals.

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By MRS. JACK MAY

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THE sympathetic note in dress grows more noticeable every week. The Russian influence we have already commented upon at some length, while there is now no possible question as to the increasing tendency towards simple dressing. This last, of course, may be due in large measure to the prevailing seriousness of the situation and the missions of mercy upon which most women are now bent. But the main fact that concerns us is that it exists, and is being pursued with particular significance at such representative establishments as Mme. Barri, 72, Baker Street.

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autumn models. In the quiet useful tailor-made she is exceptionally well-equipped, and is showing among others a thoroughly serviceable pepper-and-salt tweed, the coat a long, semi-fitting affair, with large practical pockets, and plain skirt, the suit that stands ideal in

UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY AT MME. BARRI'S

The model at top is a species of tricorne of nut-brown with mount of fancy brown feathers; the other a black velvet light-weight toque trimmed with white "pouf" feathers

the eyes of the trim tailor-made Englishwoman, and yet withal invested with a certain *chic* by virtue of good cut and workmanship.

French Student Frock

Then still eminently within the same simple lines comes a veritable *chef-d'œuvre* in Madame Barri's French Student Frock. This is simply fascinating, and comprises a skirt, carried out in Roman striped cloth, a little full at the top, like the trousers worn by the Latin Quartier fraternity, a narrow patent belt encircling the waist, above which come small handkerchief points, held up over the shoulders by narrow braces of patent leather. And with this there goes a sweet little cherry-coloured *crêpe de Chine* shirt, finished at the throat by a black satin Quartier Latin cravat, and a soft black silk cap, one corner of the crown weighted down by a tassel. But this brief description gives no adequate notion of the charm of the whole idea, which can only be gathered by a visit to 72, Baker Street.

A dear little afternoon-gown to be seen in these *salons* is of black taffeta, with long fine-pleated tunic of black tulle, the latter forming an upstanding frill above the waist, on the slightly *blousée* corsage of taffeta, which is completed by a dainty vest and long sleeves of white *crêpe* chiffon. This, again, is in the most perfect taste. Madame Barri has such an artistic knack in the handling of different fabrics. A case in point is the dainty blouse pictured of ivory *crêpe* chiffon partially veiled with *tête de nègre* chiffon, a band of flowered *crêpe* fashioning the lower part. As may be gathered from the illustration, a certain distinctive novelty characterises the sleeves, the *tête de nègre* chiffon taking up the story beyond the elbow.

Smart Serviceable Millinery

In the companion picture some idea is given of Mme. Barri's up-to-date knowledge in millinery. The model shown at the top of the group is of nut-brown velvet, a species of tricorne, the summit of the deep brim defined by an edge and mount of fancy brown feathers. The other shows one of Madame's favourite little light-weight black velvet toques, trimmed with white *pouf* feathers. There is one of these little velvet caps in particular with a perfectly soft crown, on which a decorative fancy *galon* is arranged in a long flat bow, that Mme. Barri is bringing out at the very accessible figure of one guinea.

A Notable Tailoring Concession

Women who are thoroughly conversant with what constitutes the finest sartorialism will at once prick up their ears on learning that the famous *couturier*, Hubert Fenn, 26a, Albemarle Street, has propounded a scheme whereby he will be able to run his business during the continuance of the war, and at the same time

A DAINTY CHIFFON BLOUSE

Of ivory "crêpe" partially veiled by "tête de nègre," with band of flowered "crêpe" and distinctive sleeves

SKETCHED AT MME. BARRI'S, 72, BAKER STREET

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Betrothal

The engagement is announced of Kathleen, eldest daughter of Mr. H. M. R. Hopkins, I.C.S., and Mrs. Hopkins, Benares, India, to Kenneth Gray Buchanan, 1st the Royal Scots, eldest son of Mr. W. A. Buchanan and Mrs. Buchanan, Knebworth, Hertfordshire.

Heroes of the War

The Cardinal Publishing Company, of 3, Wine Office Court, E.C., are issuing, at the remarkably low price of 3*d.* each or 1*s.* 6*d.* for the set of six, a series of striking portraits, from original copperplate etchings by the well-known Glasgow artist, William Renison, of heroes of the war. The first series comprises the King of the Belgians, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Kitchener, General Joffre, Admiral Jellicoe, and General French, and a second series including Lord Roberts, Rear-Admiral Beatty, and General Smith-Dorrien is promised shortly.

The Hieratica Service Pad

The Hieratica Works are issuing a small service pad containing paper, envelopes, postcards, and pencil, which will slip into a soldier's pocket, at 6½*d.* complete, and a larger military pad with five fine designs, containing paper and envelopes, at 1*s.* These can be obtained at any stationer's, but if any difficulty is experienced the Hieratica Works at Hill Street, Finsbury, will be pleased to give readers the name of the nearest stationer. In the larger size at 1*s.* the designs are very striking, showing the different regiments in the British Army.

Hose-Tops for the Highlanders

At the request of Lord Kitchener, the Marchioness of Tullibardine has undertaken to collect 15,000 hose-tops for the men of the Highland regiments now serving with the Expeditionary Force. Of a pattern approved by the King, these hose-tops are intended to replace those at present in use, as they are made long enough to pull up over the knees in bad weather. Those willing to assist in the good work should write to Lady Tullibardine at Boughton House, Kettering, Northants, saying how many pairs they are willing to undertake and asking for further instructions. Messrs. Pettigrew and Stephens, of Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, have undertaken to set aside a quantity of wool of the authorised shades and supply it at a special price to makers of these hose-tops.

An Elusive Oxo Steamer

The steamer *Silversand* has recently arrived in London with a record cargo of concentrated and canned foods worth £160,000 sterling from the Oxo supply factories in the River Plate. The day after she sailed, the German steamer *Cap Trafalgar* was observed coaling, and it was thought that her first endeavour would be to secure this most desirable food prize. The *Silversand's* captain, however, steered an unusual course, and gave the *Cap Trafalgar* the slip. She came across the Atlantic without a single light showing, and Captain Crosby is to be congratulated on his skill and intrepidity in bringing such a valuable cargo safely into port. The *Cap Trafalgar*, as we all know now, was in the meantime sunk by the *Carmania*.

The Menu: Fish Cookery—Some Dainty Dishes

Savoury Crab with Tomato Sauce
Red Mullet (Stewed)
Steamed Fillets of Sole with Shrimps
Haddock à la Genoise
Fresh Herrings with Tartare Sauce
Rice and Fish Toast (a Savoury)

Savoury Crab with Tomato Sauce

Break up a boiled crab, separate all the meat from the shell and claws. Put the meat into a stewpan with two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, four ditto of tomato sauce, the juice of half a lemon, and a little finely chopped lemon-peel, season with salt and pepper, and add a wineglassful of sherry or white wine. Let all simmer over the fire, while stirring, for ten minutes; add a small piece of butter, bring once more to the boil, then turn out on to a hot dish, garnish with fried bread croûtons and slices of lemon, and serve.

Red Mullet (Stewed)

Wash three or four red mullet, remove the fins and gills, but leave the inside of the fish. Lay them in a dish with a little stock, half a carrot, and a quarter of a turnip very thinly sliced, the juice of half a lemon, a little parsley, some mace, a sprinkling of pepper and salt, and two glasses of white wine. Stew gently for twenty-five minutes. Lift out the fish, strain the sauce, and thicken it with butter and flour. Serve in a hot silver dish with the sauce poured round.

Steamed Fillets of Sole with Shrimps

Divide a sole into narrow fillets. Place a few picked shrimps on each, roll them up, and tie round well with string. Put them in a pie-dish, and the latter in a dripping-tin with water in it, in the oven, and leave it until the fish is quite cooked. Make a sauce by melting 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and stirring into it 1 oz. of flour, add half a pint of milk gradually, and cook till thick. Add to this some shrimps (half a pint is enough for the whole) and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Place the fillets on an entrée dish, remove the string, pour over them the shrimp sauce, and sprinkle over a little finely chopped parsley.

Haddock à la Genoise

Dry the fish carefully, rub it well over with butter, dust with white pepper, and broil over a clear fire. When thoroughly done on both sides, dish it up on a fish paper, and serve the following sauce separately in a tureen: Sauce Genoise—To half a pint of brown sauce add a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, a lump of sugar, a little chopped parsley, and a pinch of nutmeg. Boil well together for five minutes, stirring carefully all the time. Then put in a piece of butter about the size of a walnut. Serve very hot

Fresh Herrings with Tartare Sauce

Fillet three herrings and place them for some hours in a dish with one spoonful of oil, one of vinegar, pepper and salt, an onion cut in slices, and a little chopped parsley. Turn the herrings once. When ready to cook, roll them in breadcrumbs, broil them, and serve with Tartare Sauce.

TARTARE SAUCE.—Put into a basin one or two shallots, a little chervil and green tarragon, all chopped very small, a large spoonful of French mustard, pepper, salt, and about a tablespoonful of vinegar. Add about two tablespoonfuls of oil very slowly, and stir until the sauce thickens. Serve cold.

Rice and Fish Toast

Fry an onion, finely sliced, in butter with a few shrimps, or small pieces of lobster, if at hand, stir into it one dessertspoonful of mustard. When thoroughly hot, add a teacupful of boiled rice and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Stir and serve very hot on rounds of buttered toast or fried croûtons. This makes a nice savoury.

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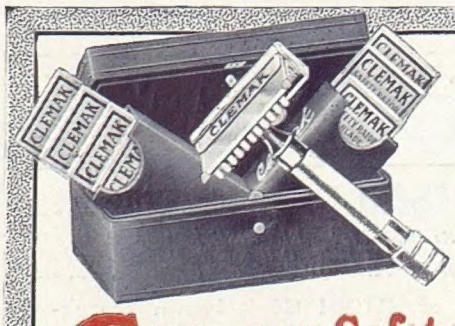

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